

the sketchbook



ABOUT A CERTAIN SUN-HUED GARMENT

With paper snow storms and stream spirits and thunder Gods the School of Industrial Art's elaborate production of "The Yellow Jacket" came to a close May 4, 1946 after having played for three successful nights. The most colorful and certainly the most fantastic adventure of the school year was wonderfully led by director James Kirk Merrick and Costume designer and Decorator Helen Stevenson West. The play, by George C. Hazleton and Benrimo, is an extraordinary Chinese romance that has had an almost continuous life of thirty years. The charming and often amusing conventions of the Chinese stage have been used with striking effect.

The production of the play proved so enjoyable and valuable to everyone concerned, the audience so enthusiastic, and the entire venture so successful, that Dean Edward Warwick expressed the hope that the production of such a play by the School would be an annual event.

The beautiful and imaginative costumes which were such an important part of the play, were designed and executed by the class in stage costume. The set was executed under the direction of Florence Ann Feldman.

The outstanding cast included Robert Miller as the amusing Property Man, Riess Von Bohr as the gracious chorus. William Duicho doubled as Wu Sin Yin, Governor of the Province, and Git Hok Gar, a philosopher. Patricia Akerly played the second wife of Wu Sin Yin, and Dawn Whitehead played Tso, her scheming maid. John Ozog brought comedy to the part of Tai Fah Min the father of the second wife, and Anna Likishik played Chee Moo the first wife. Don Abbott Thomas and Gabrielle Hogert played the former and his wife, while in the realm of the spirit world was Daniel Morris as Ling Won. Carl Lytle and Anne Dusenberre were the hero and beautiful heroine, and Irvin Loebel played the flower-like Daffodil. Richard Reinhardt was a genii-like Kin Luey Gong. Dorothy Doe, Janet Powers, Pauline Deacon and Norma Berke were the seductive flower girls, the "wares" of Yin Luey Gong. Janet Jaffe was Bee Voi and Seymour Nednick played a merchant. Matilda Korostoff riotously played the mean Widow Ching and Ethel Harris. Jack Feldman and Rinoldo de Valerio played the fantastic God of Thunder and the Spider. Eugene MacWright clanged the cymbal as Musician and Edmund Schlottere and John Maloney built mountains, bridges, and spider-webs as the assistant Property Men. Gloria Nemirofsky Friedman played William Furst's piano score which helped to create the proper oriental atmosphere.

It is hoped that the proceeds of the play will provide the start of a fund with which to build an auditorium and stage for the school.





some thoughts about **ART**

As an art student I used to wonder why an artist needed an intellect! Was not the essential thing to develop a skillful eye and a sure hand? Doubts sometimes disturbed me as I sat tickling the paper with a fine spun charcoal tone in imitation of an airbrush. Was my goal one of exactitude? Was the whole aim to make this peach or that face or this tree "lifelike"? If drawing and painting could represent nature convincingly enough—was that not artistic success?

I shortly found that direction to be a dead-end street; that good color and design and drawing were achievements which were pointless in themselves; indeed, that they had meaning and significance only if they served a further end. I have more ability now than I had fifteen years ago, not because my painting and drawing have improved but because they are now being put to use as a means of expression, as a way of addressing myself to the people who see my work.

Just as a blowing wind is visible only in its effects, so might we best perceive art in seeing what it does to people. Since a painting can be stimulating or depressing or entertaining only to the degree that the person who looks at it is so affected, the spectator therefore is undeniably an element in a creative art work. A picture is incomplete without a spectator. Whatever intrinsic value we feel our picture may possess in the studio, it can have real value, can exert its influence or charm, etc., only when it goes out into the world. Only when heard does the gifted tongue have any eloquence. Tolstoy once said that the purpose or function of art is "to infect others with the artist's world view". Does not any genuine personal expression, by its very nature, seek to propagandize, to make a statement? In my painting I want to castigate the things I hate and paint monuments to what I feel is noble. I want to talk and be heard. I want to disturb people who admit they know nothing about art in as constructive a sense as Picasso has disturbed the artists who felt they knew all about art. I want to take the stump for what I think is beautiful and important in this day.

The great Paris school was properly part of a world of sunlight, where no one seems ever to have wept or starved, a joyous new adventure spurred on by the rich imaginations of the great post-impressionists. The weather has changed and, for all our nostalgia, the fruits of today are not odalisques nor pears and mandolin on a rumpled tablecloth. Ours is a time of rapid transition, a season for weapons. The choice of whether to fight or escape is in itself inescapable, in art as in everyday living, for in the very avoidance of making such a decision, paradoxically, one chooses. Art has repeatedly shown itself to be a magnificent weapon for freedom, deriving its inspiration from man's struggle for a better life.

This has been called the Century of the Common Man. It strikes me that a re-affirmation (in his work) by today's sincere artist of his faith in that common man will be as natural as was, for example, the emphasis by El Greco, in his day, on his faith in the Church.

The cause of democracy is the cause of creative art, and the contemporary artist who cherishes his art freedom will accordingly fight for the democracy in which it flourishes.

Joseph Hirsch





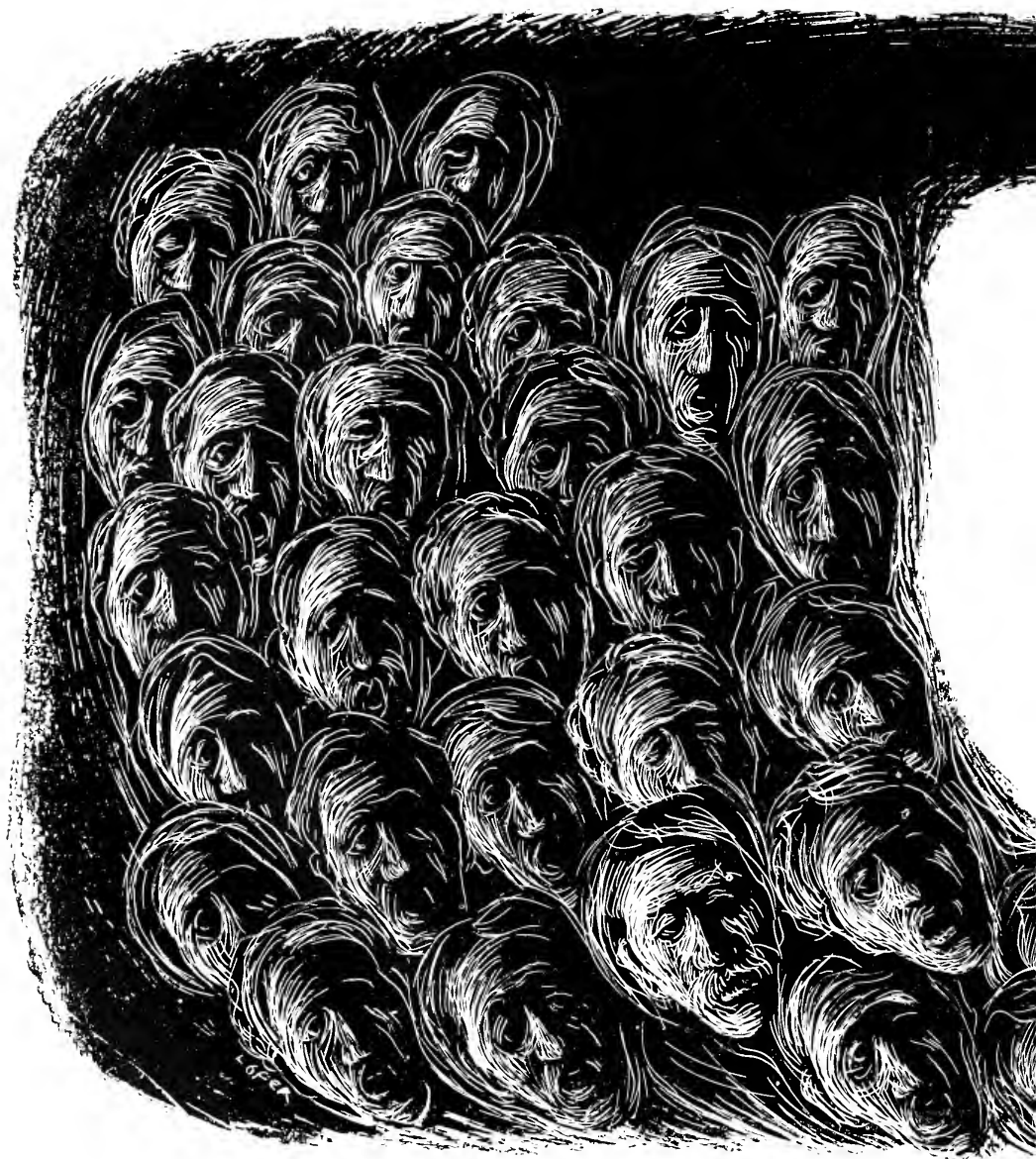
A Tea Party

I have not changed too much,
The face, which stares out at me
When viewed in mirrors, looks the same,
The skin feels tender to the touch,
The mouth looks ever bold and free,
And swift veiled eyes support the game
Which says, I haven't changed too much.

Come talk with me, and bring your hidden sorrows,
too,
Together we will banter to and fro,
Exchanging niceties, gossiping, and when the talk
Becomes to close to sounding true
Between us, like a burning brand, we'll throw
Unwanted facts, while reason, like a greedy, sharp-
eyed hawk
Attempts to shred the laquered surface through.

We shall not let him through, you and I.
Why should we cease this bright deception,
And show in naked form the heart we hide
Beneath a polished shell, revolving round a lie?
That we have sorrow the world has no conception.
Our eyes are old, Trust was a flame that died.
Like clacking, knitting-needles, sharp, bright, and
hard, are you and I.

And if we find, within our bitter tea,
There glistens bright a solitary tear,
Which traced its lonely way down hardened, smil-
ing masks,
We make no mention, well trained our eyes are,
not to see
Emotions, or the slightest trace of fear.
With rigid minds confined to useless tasks,
We'll swill our heartbreak in a chatty cup of tea.
Shirley Tattersfield



Songs from The Right

After the war I was billeted in a small German Hotel. It was built in an L-shape, three stories high, and each room had a small, iron-railed balcony. In the open space formed by the L was a garden with gravel walks and trees that reached to the top balconies. Bordering the garden was an iron fence, and beyond was a quiet street, more tall trees, and more small hotels.

In one of the balconies overlooking the garden, I stood one night and was awed by the silence. It was a quietness that came only after a war. A quietness that my ears had not yet become accustomed to. I believe I actually listened to the silence. The only light I could see was from a few of the hotel windows, and it fell in squares on the round garden beneath. The patterns seemed to echo across the street in the form of lights from other small hotels.

Slowly from the distance there came the sound of women's voices in song. It was faint at first and gradually grew louder. They were singing in a foreign tongue, perhaps Polish. The melodies were gay folk songs, maybe dance tunes of years back. They went into three, four, then five verses, then burst into laughter. In a moment they were singing a sad song, possibly one of love or home. Then another happy melody. The words didn't seem to matter. One could almost feel what the songs were about. They were coming from the heart, not the throat. They were coming from souls away from home and love. They were coming from minds that were a thousand miles from this German town.

As slowly as the sound came upon me, just as gradually it disappeared into the night. It left me feeling lonely and sad. Again I was conscious of the silence. I raised my eyes and looked at the stars.

Robert J. Fleck





10



so-you want to be an artist

So you want to be an artist and you want to learn to draw
And illustrate and decorate and paint without a flaw.

Well, there's really nothing to it—it's as easy as can be
Just take a pencil or a brush and put down what you see.

Of course if you can't see it and you have to improvise
You needn't fret or get upset, you merely close your eyes.

You add to this, you take from that (you'll find yourself elated)
Look! a Winged Horse, or a Headless Horseman, in thought, decapitated.

I guess this sounds too simple, and you'll find your work defective
And rather lax about the facts of color and perspective.

Maybe form is out of kilter with all too alarming frequency
And memory fails to put details in their accustomed sequence.

Are your drawings of Anatomy tinged with some distortion?
Or do you find that your design is not quite in proportion?

Well, it takes a little practise—say a dozen years or so
To learn the basic fundamentals every artist ought to know.

But that's not all, of course you know, your work should have some feeling
You'll have to draw and draw again, until your poor head's reeling.

And perfection is a virtue that you never quite attain
For something weak in your technique you're sure to ascertain.

But as I mentioned once before, there's really nothing to it
If you want to be an artist—why, go right ahead and do it.

Terry Galster

Eyes not quite the blue of skies
And hair not quite like raven's wing,
And lips not quite like honey sweet
But just as much of joy they bring.

And not a wee, small bit of vamp,
(She is, but I won't let her know)
And just as sweet as any flower
I wonder—should I tell her so?

Drink to me only with thine eyes
But in thine eyes do me surprise
What in my eyes you do surmise
A little this, a little that, mostly lies.



REVISED HORIZON

No one today, who is a thinking, articulate citizen, can be indifferent to international co-operation. The invention of the Atom bomb, and the inevitable fact that other Nations will soon discover its secret, makes the settling of differences by the terrible means of war so deadly that there must be a peace or the world will destroy itself.

We are living in an age of international political education. Those of us who have remained silent, and by our silence indicated approval, must speak out and be heard by our government if we disagree. One voice is not very loud, but many voices saying the same thing will command attention.

It is for such reasons that I welcome this opportunity to tell you about the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. It is a non-partisan political organization agreed on a program—for international security; for full employment; to end racial discrimination and achieve equal opportunity for all; to extend democracy; and for a greater program of public health and an increase of educational and cultural facilities throughout the country.

Around this program have rallied more than ten thousand men and women in the fields of the arts, sciences and professions. Its present membership reads like a "Who's Who" of American Artists. You are cordially invited to attend a meeting and join the I. C. C. I think you will discover that it will make articulate many of your own convictions. We must practise democracy to make it function and live.

Arthur Williams

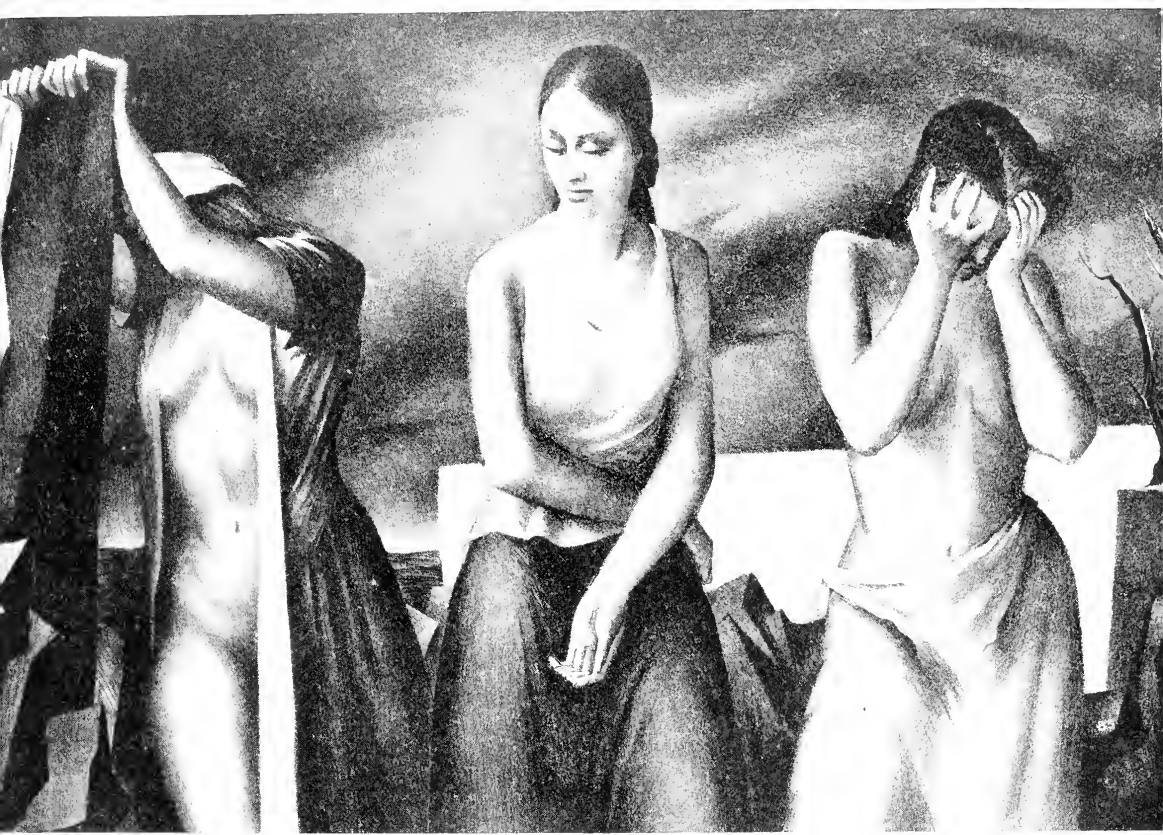
An artist is one. As an artist. He works alone—creates alone—lives a life lonely. He speaks as one. As one artist.

An artist is one of many. As a citizen. He works in a democracy—under a form of government chosen by many citizens. He may speak to his government as one of many. Many citizen—artists.

His is a voice that will be heard. An artist's voice if he creates well. A citizen's voice if he loves his country. As artist—his voice is best heard in solo. As citizen—his voice is best heard in chorus.

Because he is an artist—his voice is heeded.

(Remember MacLeish's poem "A Poet Speaks from the Senate Gallery"—Read it).



(Remember Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph"?—Listen to it).

(Remember Picasso's "Guernica"?—Look at it).

Artists' voices. Telling us to act. As citizens as well as artists.

We have to act as artists. We are artists.

We may act as citizens. We are citizens too.

Citizens of the United States. And a little more.

As citizens—artists, some of us formed a program.

A program of non-partisan political action for artists.

Political action in a democracy of many people.

Political action in a kind of government that Lincoln talked about at Gettysburg.

We helped form a committee. A citizens committee of artists.

We called it The Independent Citizens Committee of The Arts, Sciences and Professions.

A long name. But it had to be, to include our friends.

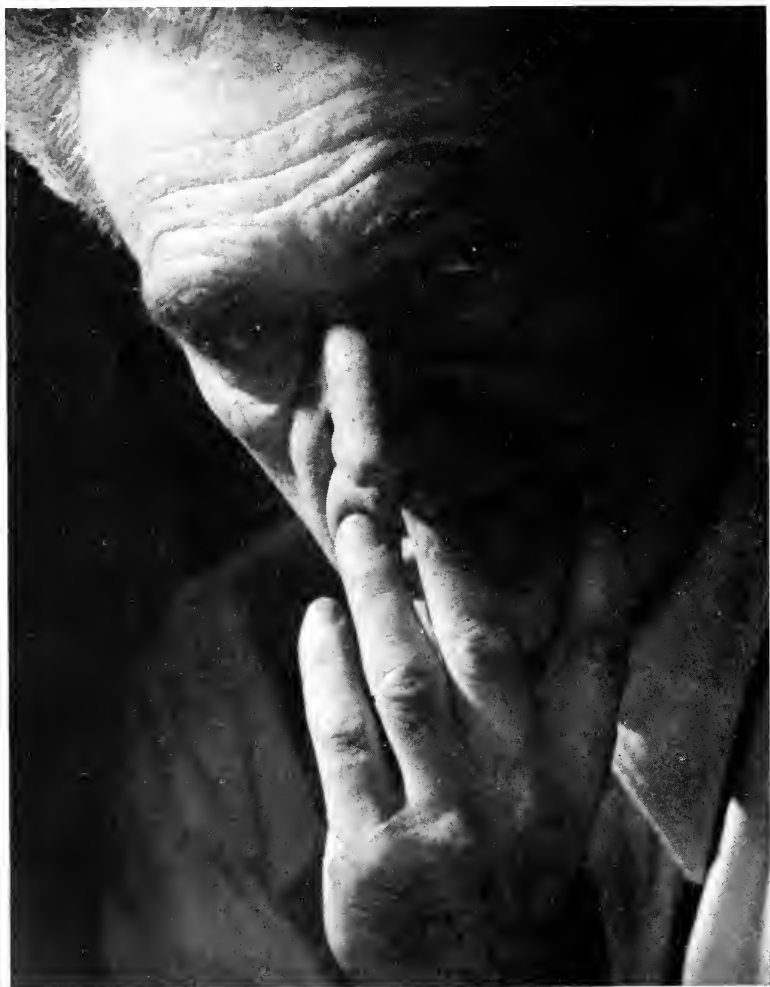
Like us, they had only a solo voice.

Now we are a chorus too—speaking for democracy.

I think we will be heard.

Benton Spruance

NEW



OPPORTUNITIES

Now that Peace has come, at least War finished, or presumably so, and willing cooperation ended (as the War could be more important than Life), and security we felt in a voluntary frugality gone, and the imminence of sacrifice, which became real to only a few, lifted, we cast about for something new—new opportunities.

New opportunities, because we feel like starting all over again. We are still young and have hardly begun. We are seeking new opportunities.

Where are these new paths? What are the new directions?

Do we hope to split the compass into even finer divisions expecting to find new lands by naming our course more exactly than NE by E or SSW? Specialization! Are we seeking a secret way by squeezing between even finer lines on the compass dial? Individualism!

If so, I wonder if that is the answer to new opportunity. Or have we put faith in a phrase because of lack of faith, or because the path *is* new—to us, and so we are uncertain of our way. Or are we uncertain for any other reason? When we are young we are confident—at least that is the cliché. Yet I do believe that the qualifying adjective “new”, or the necessity for qualifying opportunity at all betrays an uncertainty. It is one thing to say, “There is a place for me in today’s world because I am a good designer” but it is something quite different to say, “—because of new opportunities.”

What is that uncertainty? Perhaps when we have named it we will have found the new opportunity.

As a starting point in a search for similarities to illustrate an idea which I find trying **to express** itself I am going to suppose that I am a costume designer.

In Milan, during that hey-day of what-you-will which we call the Renaissance, there was a Sforza Duchess who wanted, at any price, to be the Best Dressed Woman. But she had, in Urbino, a sister, also a duchess, who *was*. Whether that was due to the fact that the husband of the Urbino Sister was not just another duke-on-the-make, like the Sforza, and who was, perhaps, the Arbiter Elegantum in matters pertaining to Arts and Letters, or whether her Style was due to her dressmakers, it would be difficult to say. So, from the court of Milan to the court of Urbino, and back, there was a steady going and coming of Courtier-Spy Dressmakers. There were also the Racketeer, the Counter-Spy and the Dagger-Man. There is something quite familiar about this list of professions. Apparently they are not new. We have not invented them as opportunities.

Now, when we think of Renaissance gowns as just greater occasions for more and larger pearl embroidery and more yards of rich silks, and when we view at Bonwit-Feller’s a showing of contemporary beach-wear—shorts made of what appears to be a well laundered gunny-sack, worn with a very be-ruffled silk jacket (or half blouse—perhaps even less than half) it starts us to pondering.

Modern Design? New opportunities?

These two Dresses would seem to be as far apart as Style can manage, at least on the basis of yardage, until we remember that Cleopatra's Dress Designers sent her off to meet Boy-friend Julius gowned (or the contrary) as Venus. So there is nothing new in that direction. What then, if anything, has happened in almost exactly two thousand years?

The answer is that the processes of Nature have worked. That is not so extraordinary when you come to think of it. It would be remarkable if Nature hadn't come thru. What I want you to believe and hope to indicate is that in these processes and not in any specific instance there are new opportunities. What we are to deduce from the comparison of these three examples of Costume Design is that we have escaped something terrific. You will see when it is spelled out in all its thirteen letters that it is indeed a mouthful. In brief, we have escaped Enantiodromia. That means, by free interpretation, that we neither go naked like the Queen of Egypt nor wear too many clothes like the Duchess of Milan. It means that we have compromised with the Extremes and found the Middle Way. At least that is what our modern sister has done in the matter of Dress. (I'm not so sure about the men). She has arrived at Sufficient as a compromise between Nothing and Too Much.

Now, I believe that in Resolving the Opposites, or in the Compromise with Extremes, or in the Process of change or how ever we name the mechanics of progress, there lie the new opportunities. There also lie our uncertainties because of the breakdown of values in the process of change.

There is one basic opportunity. Without finding that one the others have little importance. It is, I believe, in saving the Artist from that thirteen letter fate which Woman avoided. The modern artist is in danger of becoming his opposite.

The three examples of Style demonstrate changes in social values. Change is never interrupted—the acceleration varies. It can be shown that the greater the speed of change the greater are the opportunities for the artist.

If we wish to evaluate those opportunities today, the direction in which to seek them is not in the multiplication of new materials to work with nor in the ease in finding employment or market. It is in the consciousness with which we recognize change and the direction toward which social values trend. Without an inner response to an outward fact there is no opportunity. It is another way of saying that an artist must be of his time. That brings us to a very serious proposition. Is the artist today "of his time?" If he isn't, the new opportunity for us could be to help put him there. And conversely we can ask, "Are those who have grasped the timely opportunity artists?"

There are so many directions in which to carry this question, so much data to

accumulate, that the five-foot bookshelf could not possibly carry the material. A few paragraphs cannot even state the question.

With all the space-time necessary to accumulate the records and deductions there is one distinction I would never try to make—that is, never to separate the functions of the artist and the craftsman. I do not believe the function of the artist is just to make pictures. However true it is that an acceleration of change increases the opportunities for specialization the artist must not yield to that demand in such measure that craftsmanship is forgotten. That is an indictment which we can direct toward the artist of today.

Well, why not specialize if that characterizes the time? Because there is something more than being contemporary, and in that something may lie the particular role of the artist. The artist has a long ancestry. It is his special task to unite tradition with the present. He is not just another professional man. His value in society can perhaps be made clear by paraphrasing a line from a poem of John Burroughs,

“He stands amid Eternal ways.”

Not so much more than a hundred years ago the acceleration of change was increased almost beyond computing. That came with the machine. Before that time industry was almost completely in the hands of the artist-craftsman. Machine has left the artist behind. The artist has forgotten to be a craftsman. He has let machine take that from him. He has been little more than a painter of pictures. Like the machine, he overproduced; the market failed him. To live, many a painter has lived in the artistic sweatshop or gave up as an artist. As a craftsman he imitated the machine and so was no craftsman. He felt that he must compete and so failed. As an example of this let us look at American stoneware pottery as produced by the craftsman potter. The early shapes are full and generous. They are the design of an artist. The last of this pottery is straight sided, imitating the product of the machine. There was no longer any reason for it. The potters died out.

This brings us to our philosophical conclusion: The artist has gone over to his opposite. He has ceased to exist in his own name. Unavoidably this one example must serve to demonstrate what has happened to the artist craftsman. The list of all the crafts could be explored in the same way, even including the painters, and the same conclusion reached. Here, then, is our new opportunity—it is new, as it represents a new attitude—artist first, a patron of the machine, not its servant.

Once there were many craftsmen working in and about Philadelphia. Today there are none. Saying “none”, I mean the traditional craftsman who belonged to his community. There *are* a few *artists* working to bring back the traditions of craftsmanship and excellent workmanship. *They* do not compete with the machine nor imitate its product—they are the craftsmen.

John Butler

It was a rainy night, and Cynthia wasn't watching the doorway, so it isn't surprising that she collided with the tall young man. As he lifted her out of the gutter, he said in a deep, rich baritone, "I'm sorry ma'm. You're not hurt are you?" Regaining her composure and her shoe, Cynthia forced a smile.

"Oh no, I'm all right. It was really my fault."

"Oh no," said the young man, "It was really my fault."

They looked at each other and laughed. They were both so peculiar-looking.

"My name is Rodney Blancmange," said the young man. "What's yours?"

"My name is Cynthia Crud. I'm a girl sandhog." As she said this Cynthia recalled the long hours she spent beneath the earth, digging and drilling, and wondered if Rodney would notice her "sandhog hands".

"How brave you are." Said Rodney. "Won't you have dinner with me. There's a little spot around the corner that you will like."

"You're so kind." said Cynthia, trying not to show her pleasure. They

were soon eating dinner at "The little spot around the corner," which was called simply, "Nedick's." From far away the soft music of a juke box drifted to their table.

"Listen," said Cynthia, "They're playing 'Two O'clock Jump.' Doesn't it make you think of things?" Her eyes were misty.

"Yes," said Rodney, "It always reminds me of Mother."

"What a beautiful soul he must have." thought Cynthia.

After that Cynthia and Rodney met every night at the same place to have dinner together. They called it "their place."



XX 769 (or "romance in the rain")

One evening as they sat sipping their tall frosty glasses of orange juice, Cynthia turned to Rodney and said as the tears coursed down her cheeks,

"Oh Rodney, I had some terrible news. We finished the tunnel today and I am being transferred." She sobbed convulsively.

"Oh no," said Rodney in a choked voice, "Tell me, darling, where are they sending you?"

"To California," screamed Cynthia.

"Then this is . . . is . . . goodbye?"

"Yes, my darling, I'm leaving on the midnight transcontinental."

"Cynthia, you must have known from the start that I loved you, didn't you?" Rodney hardly dared to expect an answer.

"Yes, yes Rodney. I have known all along."

"Oh my darling to think that we must be separated now, when we have just found each other." Rodney clutched her hand.

"We must be brave, Rodney darling, for I will come back to you some bright day." Cynthia raised her eyes and looked at the ceiling. "You must promise me Rodney that you will be waiting for me."

"Oh I'll be waiting, dearest," Rodney howled, "I'll wait for you till eternity, if necessary, my beloved. I swear by all that's holy that I shall wait for you."

"I can see it now. You will be here, and the juke box will be playing 'Two O'clock Jump', *our song*, and we will be together again." Cynthia stopped to dry her eyes and then went on, "That's the way it will be Rodney, I know that it will be like that."

"Yes, my darling," said Rodney, "It will be worth waiting for."

"Now it is time to part, Rodney, we must face it at last. Just sit there at the table, don't get up. I want to remember you sitting there, and know that you will always be waiting here at 'Nedick's', waiting for that day when I shall return to you once more. Goodbye my darling." She turned and left the table.

For many minutes Rodney sat there, his head in his hands. Finally he got up and stumbled out the door into the rainy night. He wasn't watching where he was going so it isn't surprising that he collided with the small blonde young woman.

"I'm sorry ma'am," he said, "You're not hurt are you?"

THE HOUSE WARMING

The woman sat alone in the shadows of the dimly lit terrace. She was rather heavy and the brightly flowered dress she wore, although expensive, did unhappy things for her figure. Six years before she had been pretty in a fluffy, pink sort of a way. There had been no gray circles around her eyes, no need for the inexpertly applied rouge on her cheeks and lips. Many men had been attracted by this lusty pink-and-whiteness. Some had thought longingly of her as a refuge from dull, too intimately known wives.

The lawn chair in which she sat was the long, low type with just a strip of canvas for back and seat. The woman was not one to occupy it with any grace; and so she sat with her legs far apart, her chin almost touching her fleshy chest. With both puffy hands she clutched the glass which she had rested on her abdomen for want of a better place.

Through the French doors came the sounds of laughter, the tinkle of glasses, and over all the voice of her husband telling an off-color joke from a stock kept in reserve for such parties. Although he had repeated the joke many times he kept interrupting himself with appreciative bursts of laughter. He was a large, handsome man with wide shoulders and chest and narrow hips. He was quite proud of his masculine physique and often wittily remarked that he "hadn't let his stomach go to pot."

She knew from experience his face was flushed from drinking and being the center of attention. As always he would be waving a half full glass to emphasize his story, probably giving his hostess anxious moments about her new beige rug.

After the laughter had subsided at the conclusion of the man's story, a woman called to him, "Oh, Harry, you're a card. Madge's life must be one long laugh."

The mention of her name started a fog of thoughts drifting about in the mind of the woman on the terrace.

Oh, he's a card all right. Sure . . . oh sure, he's made my life one long laugh. Oh, sure. The laugh's on me. Oh, he's so funny . . . always in the center of things . . . Could at least pay some attention to me. Goodness

knows that's not asking too much. Not too much at all. After all I'm only his wife . . . that's all. Smile tonight, he says, smile, be happy! Let's see a grin on your face for a change. Just once act happy. Don't sit in a corner by yourself, he says, join the crowd. Act gay. What've I got to be happy about? Six years of being married to him. Ha! Six years of misery that's all. Oh, he's a fine one to talk . . . Going out night after night . . . leaving me by myself . . . alone in that dingy hole of an apartment. Oh I've a fine life I have.

Little tears of self-pity slid down her cheeks but she made no motion to brush them away.

Don't sulk in a corner by yourself, he says. Oh no! Join the party . . . have fun! Don't drink by yourself. As if he cares if I'm alone. Could at least pay some attention to me . . . leaving me alone night after night. Wouldn't even let me keep that cat for company . . . kicking it down the stairs that way. Crowded the apartment, he says. It was such a nice, soft little thing . . . oh, I'm so tired. So sick and tired of this . . .

In the living room the man's voice could no longer be heard. The conversation had turned to chatter about the party. Remarks were addressed to the host and hostess about what a fine house they had here in the country. In reality the house was only seven or eight miles outside the city but its owners had lived in apartments and flats for so long that the sight of a dozen or more trees together gave them a rough rustic feeling. They had invited a few people for a housewarming, even though there were a few things about the house that were still unfinished. The lawn had not been completely sodded and the workmen had left piles of sod near the house so they could start early the next morning and finish the job.

Outside Madge dozed in her chair. Drinking made her sleepy and built up a wall of fog behind which she could retire and bathe in sluggish waves of forgetfulness. Through the mist she heard her husband talking again. His voice seemed to be very near. She might have disregarded it but there was another voice, a woman's, whispering loudly.

. . . but what if she should find out? Find out? Why worry! Madge is

too dumb to even notice. It'll be just another business trip . . . maybe a little bit longer. But Harry . . . ! Now Thelma, stop worrying! What could she say? Why she doesn't know anything about you . . . doesn't even think I know you very well. We'll have a great time . . . fun. Let's not spoil things by worrying about her. I tell you she doesn't know about one single time I've seen you. Well if you're sure . . . Of course I'm sure . . . everything will be fine. Fine. Come on, we'd better join the crowd before they miss us. Wonder where Madge is by the way?

As their footsteps died away Madge struggled to get out of the depths of the chair. She swayed as she got up and steadied herself against the door before entering the room. Several people called to her, wondering where she had been and offering to fill her glass. She paid no attention to them. Still in her daze she crossed the room and started up the staircase. Her hostess, wondering if anything was wrong, started after her. When she reached the second floor she noticed stairs leading to a third floor. The woman following called that the powder room was on the second floor, the third floor was still unfinished. Madge gave no answer. Ordinarily she moved rather slowly, but now she climbed the steps rapidly, hesitated a moment in the dark corridor, and then entered a room and locked the door. The room smelled of fresh plaster and paint and was completely devoid of furniture. She leaned against a wall, confused, not quite sure what she was doing.

By this time her hostess had tried the door, found it locked, and was becoming very much annoyed at her guest's conduct. Receiving no response to her demands that the door be opened, she decided to go for someone to help her, she being of the firm opinion that a few good strong men could handle any situation.

Left alone Madge stood against the wall thinking. Oh God, they never saw me . . . they didn't even know I was there. Oh sure I'm so dumb . . . so dumb and so tired. Six years of misery. Oh God let me know what to do . . . I don't want revenge, God . . . I just don't want to be miserable anymore. You see don't You. Always alone. Help me, won't You? Third floor . . .

high high enough for Easy. Help me open the window . . . Uff!
Oh please help me. I'm so tired

In the corridor Harry and several men were yelling and trying to force the lock on the door.

Madge, you fool, open the door. Can you hear us? Madge! Snap out of it and open this door! Madge! Send somebody outside . . . she's opening that fool window. Hurry up!

Madge struggled to get up on the window sill. The noise outside had no affect on her. It was dim and far away.

I won't be tired anymore. Just hold my head down and lean over. Now . . . Oh! The ground's coming up . . . Up! Shut my eyes . . . won't see anything . . . Oh God, that was so easy. So easy . . . It's so nice. I won't be tired and miserable anymore. Not anymore. Just let me sleep. Won't have to smile if I don't want to . . .

Madge! Are you hurt? Madge! Lord, she's dead. No. No, she landed on this lawn sod. What a fool thing to do. Tight as a tick. Madge!

They helped her up and half-carried, half-dragged her into the house. There was nothing wrong except a few bruises on her legs. They propped her in a chair, crowded around, wondering what made her pull a stunt like that, was she crazy? She had had everyone scared badly there for a while. Did she want to break up a good party?

When their curiosity had been satisfied they began once more to get back in the swing of things. The noise got louder and louder. The woman sat back in a corner and accepted the glass her husband handed her.

Perk up now Madge. Smile. Come on have fun. Join the crowd. What did you want to do, spoil everybody's fun? You looked like a fool out there on that grass . . . like you expected somebody to put a lily in your hand and mumble some prayers over you. What's the matter with you anyway? Come on . . . act happy for a change. Let's see you smile. Smile.

He walked away, anxious to get back to his post as entertainer. And Madge lay back in her chair in the corner and sipped from her glass.

Ann Kersten

an interview with Catherine Barnes

"Take a reasonable pride in your work," says Catherine Barnes, "and be able to discuss it easily and intelligently. Voice and personal appearance are important when submitting work to an Art Director, and, speaking as a woman, dress confidently without self-consciousness."

Catherine Barnes, a graduate of our School, is at present teaching at our own Saturday morning school, at Rosemont College, and doing volunteer work at Fort Dix on the rehabilitation program.

Miss Barnes started school with the idea of becoming a teacher, but after her first year decided it would be more interesting and more fun, too, doing the work rather than teaching it. She chose the Illustration course because it offered the most drawing and painting. Later she realized that had she taken her last year in Advertising she would have had a greater variety of outlets of expression and would have saved the time spent in learning later.

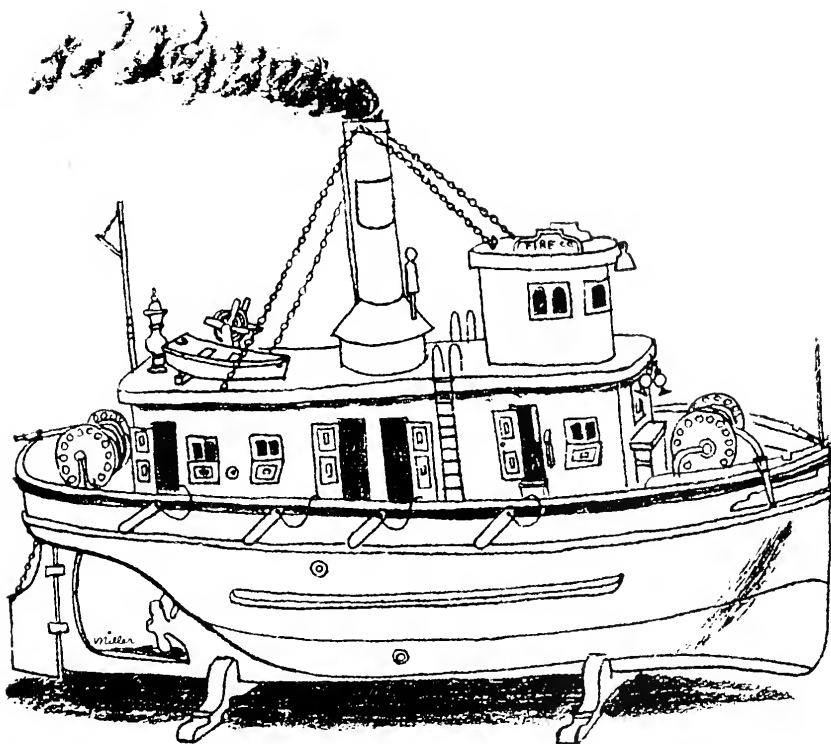
"Take samples of your work around to Art Directors before leaving school"—advises Miss Barnes. "The criticism, experience and contacts you receive are invaluable and prepare you for your official step into a professional and competitive field."

"Make appointments ahead of time at the Art Director's convenience and make sure the work you are showing is applicable to the business's needs. Study what they use and present, not copies, but a fresh and individual approach to what is currently being bought. Your work should be professionally presented and the very peak of what you can produce. Once you get the job deliver the goods on time, at the specified time. You can be temperamental and unbusinesslike as you please when you 'hit the top', but I think you will go further and fare better to be 'bromidic' if you try for top efficiency."

"I have worked in a variety of fields from Fashion to Children's Fairy Tales and I think this is perfectly plausible if you gear the work presented to the buyer. This will mean plenty of revisions, samples and awareness of what is going on."

Miss Barnes has illustrated "Favorite Fairy Tales" and—soon to be found on the market—"Cinderella". Don't miss either of them.

Terry Galster.



the Hibiscus

I stood close to the hibiscus bush, squashing the nearest leaves in brown, nearly eight-year-old fingers. The scarlet blossoms were just as gorgeous as ever, though all my thoughts cried out to them in the melodramatic, but genuine passion of childhood, "I'll never see you again, favorite bush. This is our last day. We're going over the ocean." It was so hard to face leaving all the beloved things within the high white-washed wall that surrounded our house in Port au Prince, Haiti.

The hibiscus bush grew beside the empty stable, shaded by acacias, where I kept a broom instead of the little gray burros I adored. Every morning I galloped on the broom across the cobblestone front court to the other corner of our grounds, where the big trees grew. The first stop was the mango tree, where Daddy had built a swing for my sister and me. Sometimes I'd find a luscious, fragrant, golden-fleshed fruit among the green ones on the ground. Once in a while, breathlessly, I caught a tiny, bright-eyed lizard in the cool corners of the wall. They would run with a shiver making tickles across my arms and always escaping within ten minutes.

Then I'd trot past the royal palm, the side veranda, covered with a cascade of cerise bouganvillea, and into the back yard. Most of this space, about half a block, but trackless as a jungle to me, was growing wild. Once I found a strange, turkey-like bird guarding her grass hidden nest of brown speckled eggs. Another time I was speculatively pulling down shiny banana leaves, fascinated by the way the base of each one formed part of the trunk, and the way they squeaked when I yanked. Suddenly something enormous jumped out of the new tear at me. It was a toad, goggle-eyed and terrifying. One day I discovered that a tree I'd never admired, a misshapen, colorless one, had suddenly burst into fuzzy, golden blossoms, so overwhelmingly sweet in scent that they made me dizzy. The back yard was the place for adventure!

The enclosed basin, or small swimming pool, was the place the whole family met at least twice a day to avoid the worst of the tropical heat. Next to this were the servants' quarters. The natives' standard of living was so low that four could be hired for the wages of one in the United States. Next to this was another piece of standard equipment, the chicken coop. There, our future dinners were fattened. On the eve of their doom, the vendors who had sold them to us invariably stole them back and sold them to our neighbors.

Oh, those *merchants*! At six every morning they came up the street calling their wares, screaming and shouting their version of French. The women carried live chickens, diminutive turtles tied by the feet, dozens of oranges and eggs, all in tremendous baskets on their heads. They had to squat precariously in order to sell anything, but they walked with a wonderful, confident hip swing.



Occasionally I followed these women out of the gate, at a discreet distance, in order to copy their manner of walking. Thus I met the Haitian children next door. They were a well-to-do family, and the eldest daughter kindly tried to teach me to read French before I could read English. She taught me to make necklaces of flowers, which I enjoyed as much as I suffered when the boys tried to shoot down humming birds with their sling shots. On the memorable day that they succeeded at last I became as crafty as a trapped animal in my desperate sympathy for the tiny life they had trussed up with strings. In my most innocent, share-the-fun voice I begged to be allowed to hold it just a moment. In a flash I had raced around the corner. They came roaring after me, but at the gate they stopped, afraid to enter the white man's ground.

In tears I showed the iridescent creature to my mother. She said it would die if I tried to tend it. I could feel his swiftly beating heart as I tenderly clipped the strings. Coaxingly, I held it out to the hibiscus bush. It fluttered, and landed unsteadily in the twigs.

When I returned an hour later the bush again contained only those five-petalled, vermillion flowers. I'd never know whether the humming bird was dancing, honey fed, in the sun again, or whether it had fallen helpless to some preying animal.

Now I felt akin to the bird; I knew I was to be snatched from all that was familiar and dear. I heard Mommy's voice calling. "Come," she cried excitedly, "We're going back to the United States!" She was happy! I began to run toward the baggage-bulging Ford, then jerked to a stop. I grabbed one flaming flower, crushed it into my packet, and dashed on.

Ann Louise Dusenberre

Because it should prove of interest to the readers of this magazine, and because we feel that this is a thought-provoking piece of writing, we are glad to be able to present this—

Communication from a Student

It seems to me that when I first came to this school, art was an inseparable part of the lives of the pupils. Then the art students were not studying to become good art students, as they are now—they were studying to be good artists. They lived art. Art was experience, art was life. Breathing was art, and they were alive. They argued art and tried to understand. Each was so individual that he forced the others to be more and more themselves; each stood up on his hind legs and attacked or defended opinions.

And now my Alma Mater has degenerated. It is lethargic and decadent, and this is extremely painful. The faculty unconsciously are enjoying their being in a rut and they unconsciously restrict their pupils to their own channels because it makes for undisturbed and unruffled teaching. For both faculty and pupils the days drift by smoothly and evenly, and they are convinced that they are teaching and being taught. But like Aunt Het, I feel sorry for people whose lives are like seeing the same movie every day. I admit I was in that rut with them, but now since I've crawled out for a moment, I feel alive. I want company out here, but when I look around through the school I wonder whether I'll find even one worth resurrecting, for Art's sake.

I cannot believe that the lack of enthusiasm and initiative lies at fault with the student body alone. I firmly believe that the fault lies in the faculty's suppression of arguments and opinion among pupils. "Let us have Peace," they say.



Profile of

Monday—This afternoon there is a strange cast in the room. I'm sure I've never seen it before, although it plainly is chipped and has at least one coat of paint. It is the small bust of a man in his late thirties with an air of slight mockery that interests me. That, and a really good lighting job make me choose it for my study. Apparently no one else is interested, for I have him all to myself in one of the corner alcoves of the second floor drawing room. I can almost swear I see a shadow of movement behind the eyes. My drawing is going remarkably well, and we are to spend several days on this.

Thursday—Again I am alone with the head. No one seems to know anything about it, not even his name—only that he was found in a closet corner. Everyone is greatly surprised at the quality of my work, and the teachers, perhaps feeling the intense interest I have and the improvement I have made, are leaving me alone to see what develops. I work straight through this afternoon without interruption, somehow always being sure of what I am doing, not conscious of anything but my drawing and the head. By now the flesh seems almost real to me, and I feel him looking at me. Something is strangely compelling and disturbing about the head, and I dislike the supernatural feeling I've developed for it.

Friday—We don't have drawing today, but I stopped to see the head. He seems to smile. There is something so alive there I want to touch him; he seems to be daring me to, and I'm afraid to touch him . . . afraid the plaster will be warm.

Saturday—Once more I stop to look at the head. Today it appears quite normal. I didn't realize what an emotional strain it was creating until the flood of relief came.

Monday—My work begins well today, for although the cast now appears perfectly normal, my start has caught that look of the intense, magnetic power of the eyes I had imagined before. It amuses me to see what I have been tricked into. But as the day progresses, the feeling slowly comes back, this time being a definite fascination—working on my emotions to the point where I am slightly numb and half faint with excitement. Today no one comes to see my work. The cast is beginning to move, it seems to be calling me to touch it. I'm staying tonight to finish the drawing. Today was the last day, but I need more time . . . I work straight through the evening until the end of night classes.

A Cast

The drawing is finished, something I'm really proud of, but I hate to leave the head. I stand beside it for a long time, my face close to it, my eyes only a few inches from his, and I can see him stare back at me. He is warm and glowing too, asking only to be touched to be real. I put out my hand, thinking to touch him, but I hesitate a moment letting the chills of suspense creep over me . . . Someone snaps out a light, and I turn and see the cleaning woman. "It's almost 10:00 o'clock," she says. "You'll have to leave." On the subway I can hardly control my facial expression because of the emotional exhaustion of the day, and reaching home, cry myself to sleep.

Tuesday—I hand in my drawing today. It creates a furore. If only that head didn't fascinate me I would be completely happy. I can't seem to find it today . . . I know I shall touch it when I do . . . I must know one way or the other . . . if only I'm not alone in the room with it again. I think I see it! Ed is carrying it down stairs; he's holding it in such a way that it looks back at me. I start down the steps after him, but a group of students are coming up in a crowd, and I have trouble passing them. One of them bumps Ed, and the head is smashed against a newel post. I reach out to touch the pieces of broken plaster, and as I feel the gradually cooling fragments, the strange light which had surrounded the head quietly disappears.





Farewell Without Tomorrow

I see you now, and for a second yet
I shall be able to recall your smile,
The way you toss your head,
The imprint with me for a while,
But when you've really gone, I shall forget.

We'll say goodnights and linger at the door
As though to fill each moment to the brim,
To cram remembrance in each fallen word,
Pretend it real, not just a moonclad whim,
But we play false, who say "Forever more."

A shadow face which drops a shadow sigh
Shall for a moment linger in my heart,
And I shall feel a shadow doubt and fear
Course through me, in the instant when we
part,
But to a shadow can one say goodbye?

To men of flesh and blood I say farewell
And in my soul I place their valour high,
But you are smoke which filters through a
screen,
I cannot love, nor mourn you, if you die,
You are a flame from which no ashes fell.

Were I to place my hands within your fire
There'd be no warmth to scar the surface,
But passing through a ghost of love that dies,
Pale webs of silken spiders from the past
Would cling—remaining fragments of a dead
desire.

I see you now—and for a second yet
I shall be able to recall your smile,
The way you toss your head,
The imprint with me for a while,
But when you've really gone, I shall forget.

Shirley Tattersfield

AN INTERVIEW WITH GUY FRY

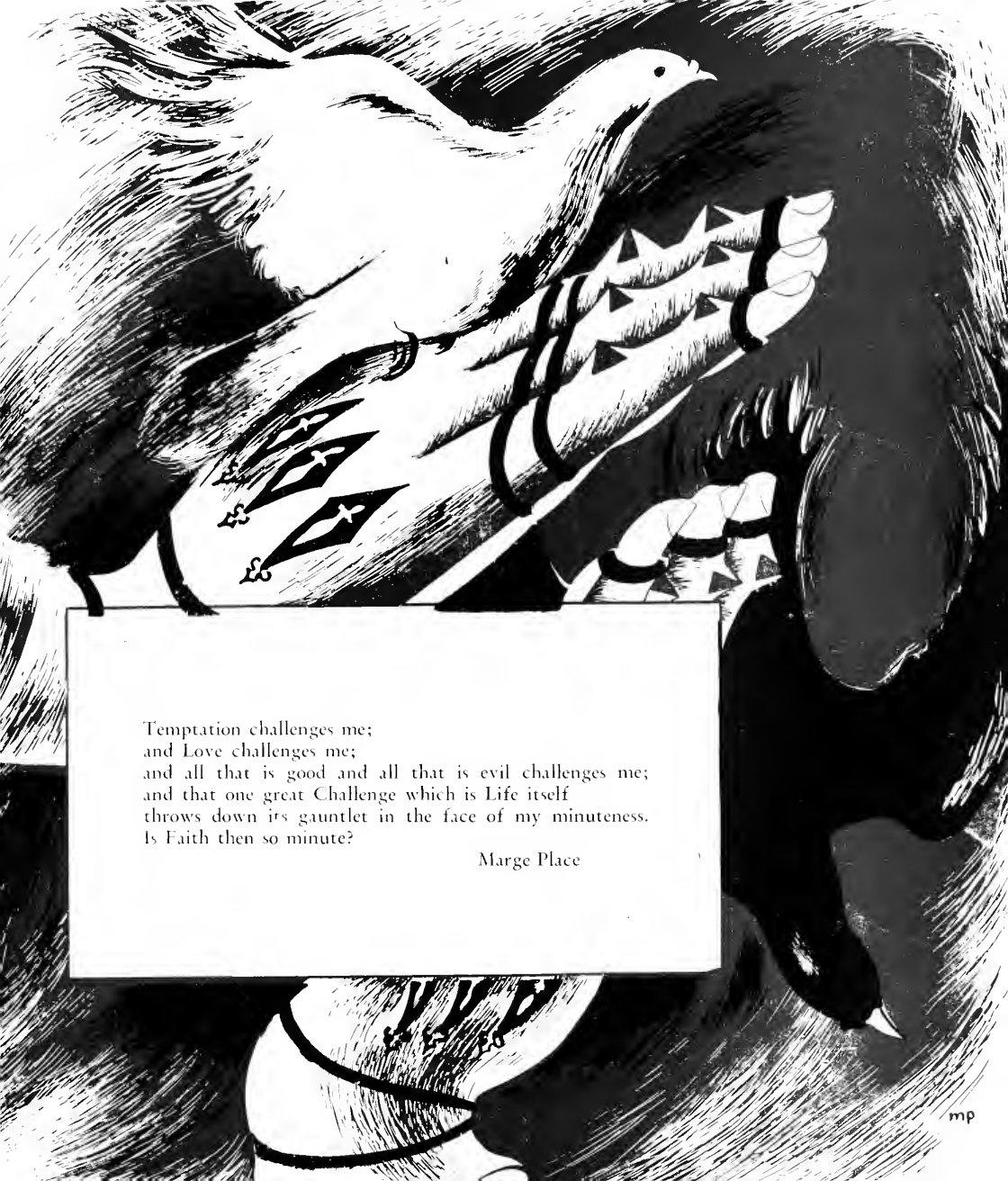
As it affects us, we must be interested in the change which will take place in the professional world of this post war era. The future "radio" or "contact man" in the "plane" of our careers will be the art director. According to him the professional stratosphere is no bed of clouds at any time. With an attitude that is just a little more blunt and brisk than that of our beneficent teachers, art director Guy Fry quoted, "Many go forth, but few are chosen."

Mr. Fry is an art buyer and partner in the advertising agency of Rogers and Gray here in Philadelphia. His charming wife breathed the charcoal-laden air and trod the lopsided steps of P.M.S.I.A. with him. His daughters, Patsy and Carol, can ride their own horses through the acres of woods that surround their West Chester County home.

I think his experiences and ideas coincide beautifully with what we are learning here. If he were talking to you he would probably say, "Broadly speaking, advertisers, illustrators and others who are doing allied work are on one and the same job, that of selling either a story or a product, essentially the same task. It is not the artist who lurks in his attic, growing a beard, and saying 'I don't approve of Dreiser,' or 'I can't stand Dali,' and painting to himself, who is a success. He sits back in his easy chair, dreams, smokes his pipe, and generally turns out something that just gets by. Those who are most successful are alert, well read, on their toes; they know what goes on in the street."

After stating his general attitude, Mr. Fry offers this working tip. "When I went to school a wicked machine called the panograph was much frowned upon. But when a person can save time by using mechanical methods he should do so by all means. This includes photostats, enlargements, reductions, and similar aids. None of these can possibly hurt his creative genius."

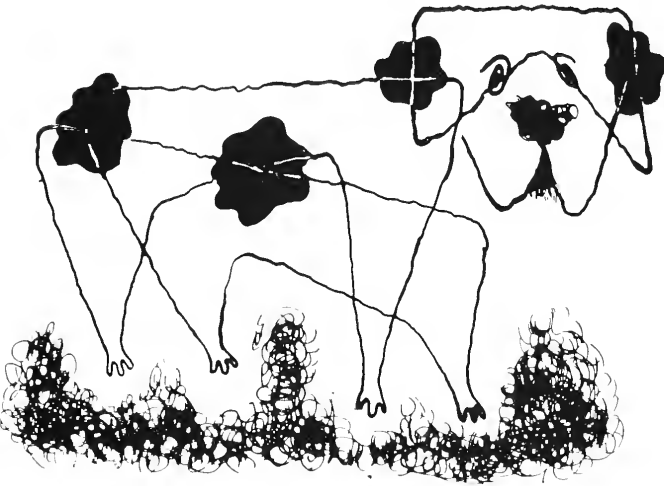
In that future time when we have all become professional, active artists piloting our career "planes", we will probably want to voice an opinion ourselves—perhaps that an unbiased, unprejudiced art buyer is the greatest of all boons to our businesses. Guy Fry sounded like that sort of man when he said, "Advertising art isn't something whose quality you rate by who did it. I'll buy work from my worst enemy if the style and type is right for the job in hand."



Temptation challenges me;
and Love challenges me;
and all that is good and all that is evil challenges me;
and that one great Challenge which is Life itself
throws down its gauntlet in the face of my minuteness.
Is Faith then so minute?

Marge Place

THE Saint BernArD



Looking ahead into the Future, we hopefully await new ideas and improvements in all lines of Art. The better illustration, the completely novel advertisement, and the revolutionary new art forms are all supposedly just around the corner. But in all this luxury of crystal - gazing

something has been neglected—someone has been left out.

For example, the all-too-often pleas of the commercial sponsor, which are breathed so confidentially in our ears:

"Do you suffer from . . .", and the list ranges from coffee nerves to Gaposis.

But does anyone ask:

"Does your portfolio sag?"

"Do you have a leaking paint bucket?"

"Are you bothered by Drawing Board Slouch?" or

"Does your tape taste different lately?"

The answer, of course, is no. No one has tried to find a solution to these questions—in fact, no one has given the art student enough consideration to even ask them.

One of the great problems facing the art student of today is that of

IN THE LOCKER

getting his full equipment from one class to another, or even from his locker to one class. This is nervous-breakdown material. The hiring of a valet or personal servant to carry the impedimenta has been ruled out because of the added cost of enrollment and tuition for this extra person.

Inspired by the suggestion to use trailers, someone has evolved a complicated plan utilizing traffic officers and clover-leaf intersections. This one doesn't even look good on paper. A well-trained Saint Bernard might possibly help.

However the most plausible solution would seem to be to do away with some of the freight. Take the paint bucket, for instance. Unless the student has a particularly large nose, or protruding ears, it is practically impossible for him to carry this infernal contrivance along with everything else. For many years we have had the fountain pen, but the fountain brush is still to be perfected. A fountain brush would not only eliminate the troublesome paint bucket, but could also be used to moisten gummed envelope flaps.

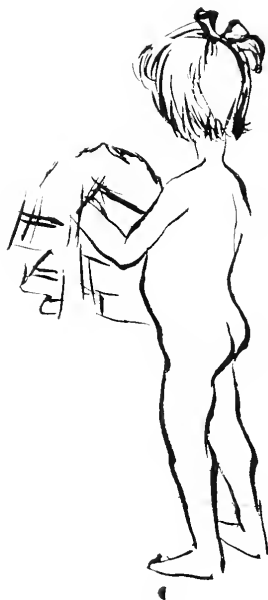
Another problem which the student must contend with is that of locker space. Not only is it an ordeal for the student to get to his locker, but what does he find when he gets there? A surrealistic mess. One student, tired of dodging falling missiles, threw away his roster, and was guided to his classes by the corresponding material which fell out of his locker first.

Of course, there are those students who do not find themselves crowded at all. Take the remarkable case of Ann Kersten, who was locked in her locker for an hour and a half with apparently no undesirable effects. When she was finally released, Ann remarked,

"It certainly does give you privacy."

So there you are. Maybe the best solution is to stay in your locker and not go to class at all. This would certainly produce some highly original work.

William Ducho



CHINESE ART

Chinese painting is a means of expressing ideals—an interpretation or suggestion of life and the beauty of nature. “Its inner significance is emphasized rather than the external appearance.” It is expressed with supreme sentiments and emotions, deep thoughts and feeling.

In China, Art and Literature are looked upon as one unit. The greatest painters are calligraphists, poets, and philosophers as well as artists. As writing is one of the highest arts, the Chinese spend long years of practice to attain control of handling the brush. The penmanship of a person is a test of learning and will-power as well as training and skill. The same simplification and abstraction is used in painting. A poem in beautiful writing would be found on a painting to help express or describe the spirit of the painting: meantime from the painting you feel the mood or atmosphere of the poem.

When the artist paints, a piece of paper or silk lies flat on a table. Brushes in various sizes and shapes of camel's, sheep's or wolf's hair are used. Ink is the most essential element in painting. The ink, formed as a cake made by burning pine and other plants, and combining the soot thus obtained with glue or oil, should be moistened on a slab and will give a semi-fluid. Great skill is needed both in rubbing the cake and applying the ink with the brush. Ink might be used thin or thick. The brush strokes could be as thin as a hair-line or as bold and broad as a broom.

The painter, before applying the ink, meditates and reflects upon what he has observed. His hand then “technically follows his mind and his emotions. He quickly, spontaneously, and unerringly transfers his feeling to the paper.” He does not copy what he has seen, for the effect would be stiff and wooden, but by symbolizing what he feels and remembers, he creates a painting. Once the stroke of the brush has touched the paper it can not be changed. If color is used it is light and harmonious with dark accents. The images are expressed in rhythmic lines or broad silhouettes, with no shading, and no expression of depth in the figures. Distance may be shown by a background.

There are three main subjects in Chinese painting: mountains and rivers (landscape), flowers and birds, and figures and objects.

The landscape may seem to be unreal. I could not appreciate it myself until I went to the great Mount Oh Mai in Szechum in Northern Middle China. After three days climbing, I reached the top. The creamy ocean of clouds beneath me, the deep valleys, the thousand-year-old pines and the stream of birds, flowers and monkeys were real. I, too, felt the mood of immortal happiness and peace.

Suifong Li

An Interview with Kirk Merrick

We, who are acquainted with Kirk Merrick, have long wondered at his great versatility and enjoyed his sparkling wit. To us, he is a vital part of P.M.S.I. as an artist and teacher, but he is a fine actor, dancer, and writer as well. Although we agree that he is a most unforgettable character, we also realize how little we know of his career and of how his interest in dramatics originated.

Having been reared in a theatrical atmosphere, plus the excellent taste, stamina, and zestful interest in accomplishing, for which we know him, Kirk Merrick had the natural makings of an actor.

His father was a symphonic conductor; one of the first to present the idea of musical scores for movies in his work with the United Artists Studios. Through theatrical acquaintances of the family visiting his home, young Kirk made his first friends in the theatre and through them, had his first experiences visiting real theatres and Hollywood studios.

At the age of five, he began by playing "theatre" with soap boxes and bits of make-shift material to simulate sets, actors, and props. The soap box theatre passed through a series of increasingly elaborate models. One of these was a Wagnerian set built to scale. This required an extra room in the house and necessitated knocking out the back wall of a linen closet to build a staircase to the third floor. The set was built on a table and measured four feet wide by five feet high and three feet deep. The curtain hung from the rafters and went up, as an actual curtain would, and the stage slid back, containing a galvanized tank for water scenes. By this time he developed his line memory for entire plays and in playing with his models learned the mechanics of staging which were so important to him through his career.

Four years ago, Mr. Merrick was elected a member of the National Theatre Conference, a distinguished honor, as all nominees are subjected to a thorough investigation before admittance. The organization meets annually in New York on Thanksgiving weekend.

For years, Kirk Merrick has been a member of the Plays and Players little theatre group and is in charge of all productions. He is now the vice-president of the organization.

We asked Mr. Merrick what he thought about the relationships between art and dramatics. His reply was, that fundamentally, the same basic principles apply in all creative arts. Color notes, for instance, whose importance we recognize in painting, are indispensable in composing a musical composition. In music and voice, these color notes are substituted by tonal colors and moods, as pitch and tempo, which weave the rhythmic patterns that draw the ear back to the original theme. In painting, these related variations apply in the abstract structure and value relationships in a composition.

The theatre proves these facts by the positions of the cast on the stage and their color relationships to each other, both tonal and otherwise, that make for perfect balance and co-ordination. Therefore, building up a scene on the stage, and a theme on which to base variations in music, are directly related to building a composition for a painting.

According to Mr. Merrick, among the most outstanding current productions are included *The Glass Menagerie*, a poetic, human drama, *Carousel*, an exquisite musical based on a fine play, *I Remember Mama*, a character study of great charm, *Lute Song* (his vote for tops in everything), *Born Yesterday*, a comedy with serious import, *Magnificent Yankee*, a biographical study, *On The Town*, a satirical, intimate musical, *Million Dollar Baby*, in which the garish dazzle and jazz of the twenties is beautifully satired, and *State of the Union*, a strong message with comedy relief.

Athena Tsambon



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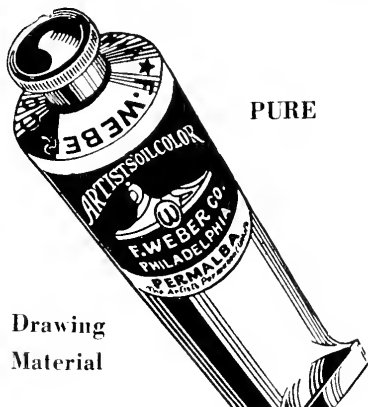
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